

Dear Parent:
Your child's love of reading starts here!

Every child learns to read in a different way and at his or her own speed. Some go back and forth between reading levels and read favorite books again and again. Others read through each level in order. You can help your young reader improve and become more confident by encouraging his or her own interests and abilities. From books your child reads with you to the first books he or she reads alone, there are I Can Read Books for every stage of reading:



SHARED READING

Basic language, word repetition, and whimsical illustrations, ideal for sharing with your emergent reader



BEGINNING READING

Short sentences, familiar words, and simple concepts for children eager to read on their own



READING WITH HELP

Engaging stories, longer sentences, and language play for developing readers



READING ALONE

Complex plots, challenging vocabulary, and high-interest topics for the independent reader



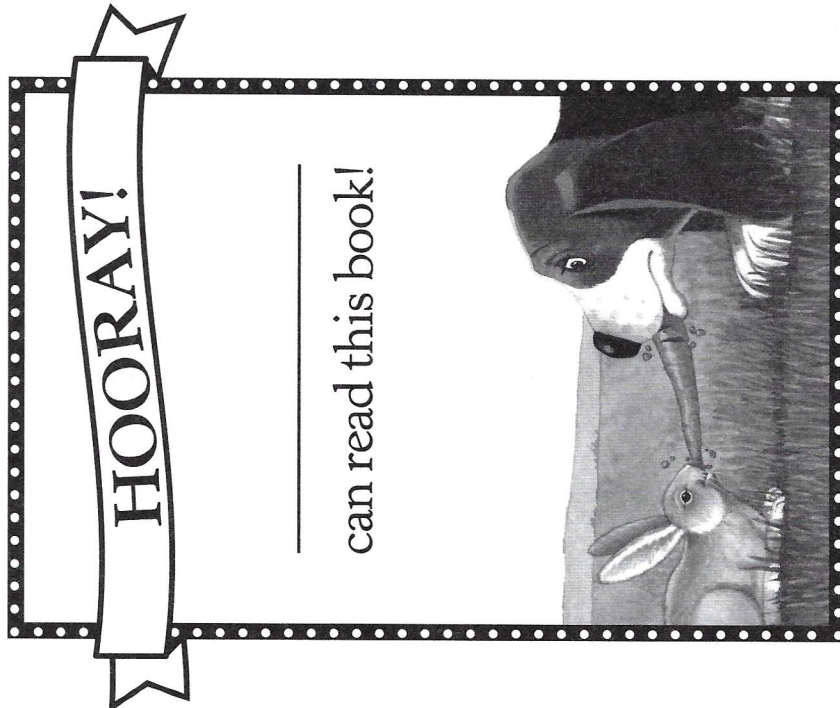
ADVANCED READING

Short paragraphs, chapters, and exciting themes for the perfect bridge to chapter books

I Can Read Books have introduced children to the joy of reading since 1957. Featuring award-winning authors and illustrators and a fabulous cast of beloved characters, I Can Read Books set the standard for beginning readers.

A lifetime of discovery begins with the magical words **"I Can Read!"**

Visit www.icanread.com for information
on enriching your child's reading experience.



I Can Read!
1
 BEGINNING READING

CHARLIE

the Ranch Dog

CHARLIE'S NEW FRIEND



based on the CHARLIE THE RANCH DOG books
 by REE DRUMMOND, The Pioneer Woman
 and DIANE deGROAT

HARPER

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Bam! A bright light hits my face.

I cover my eyes with my floppy ears.

Oh. It's just the sun.

Wait. What?

The sun!

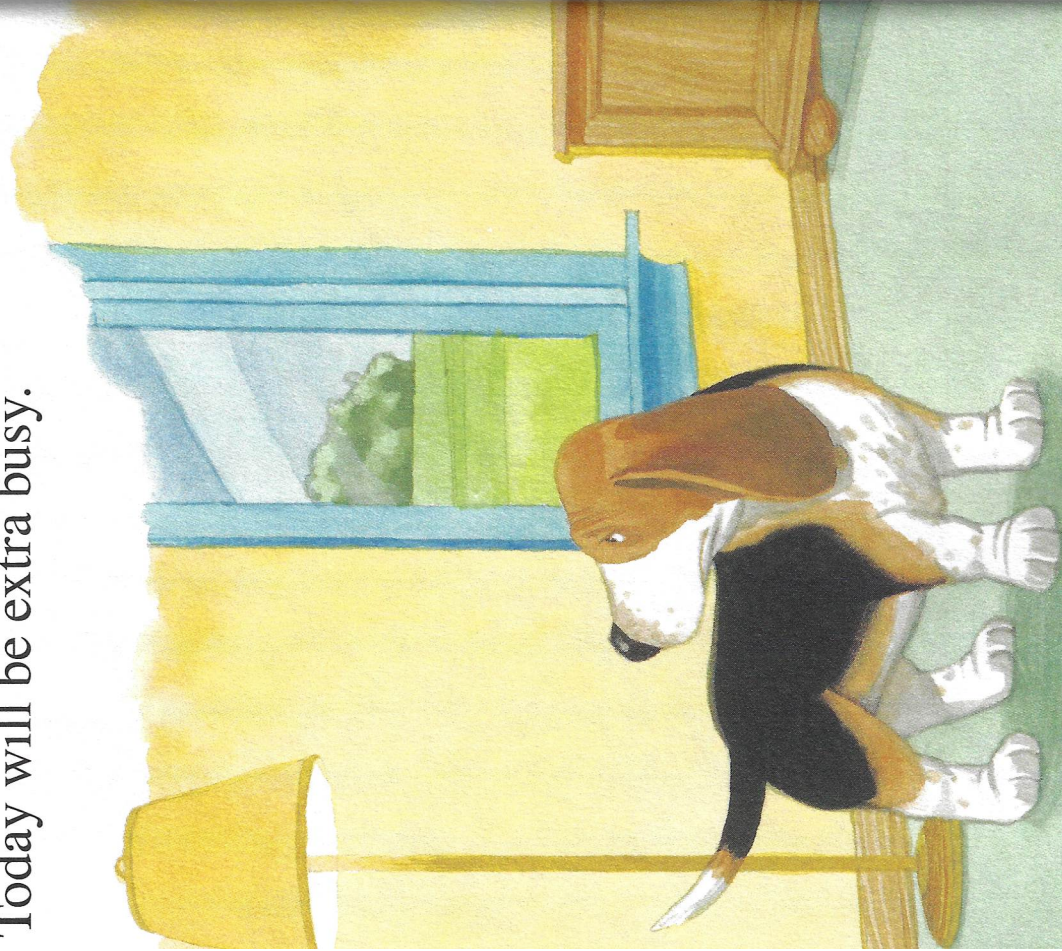


Yesterday was cold and rainy.

So was the day before.

I didn't get any ranch work done!

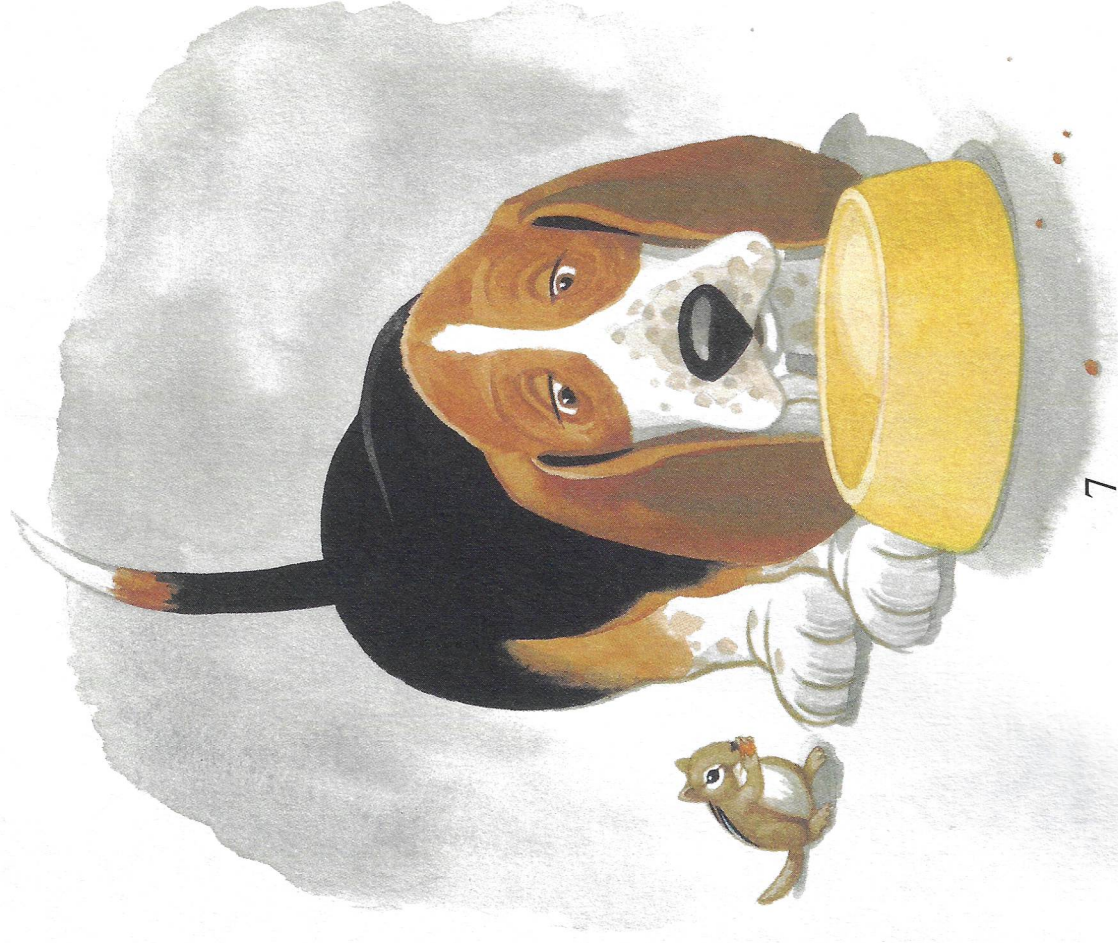
Today will be extra busy.



Sniff, sniff.

Where's my bacon breakfast?

I'd better find Mama.



ot Mama in the garden.

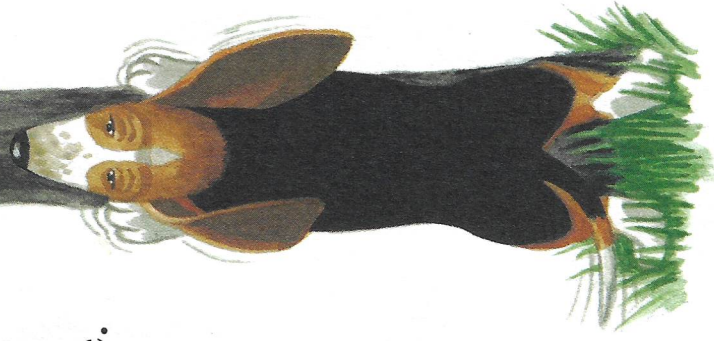
grass is warm on my paws.

if, sniff. Flowers!



t. Is that a bird?

irrel! I chase him up a tree.



Wait. Wait! Is that a rabbit?

Chasing rabbits is the best!



ot Mama in the garden.

grass is warm on my paws.

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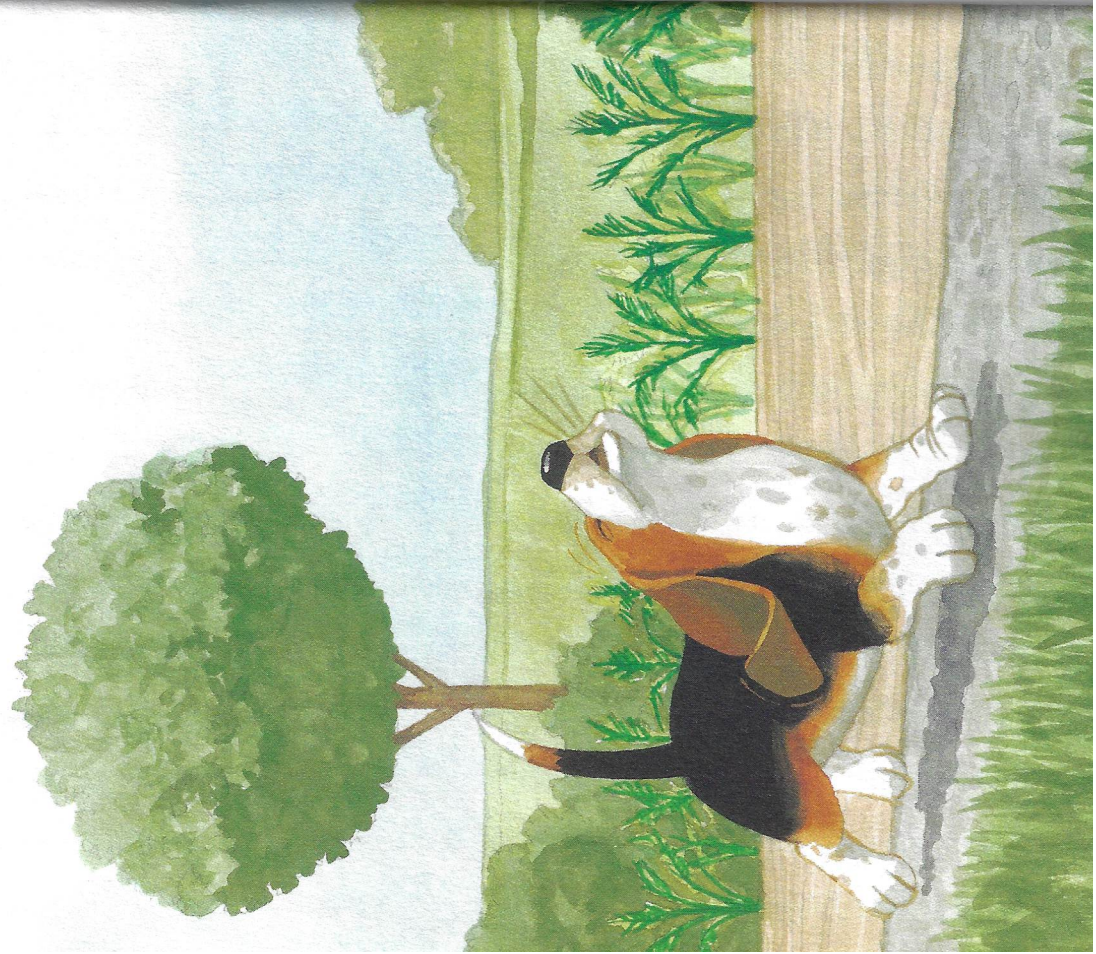


Wait. Wait! Is that a rabbit?

Chasing rabbits is the best!



Mama doesn't see the rabbit hopping.
he is digging up carrots.



But I know what Mr. Rabbit is up to.

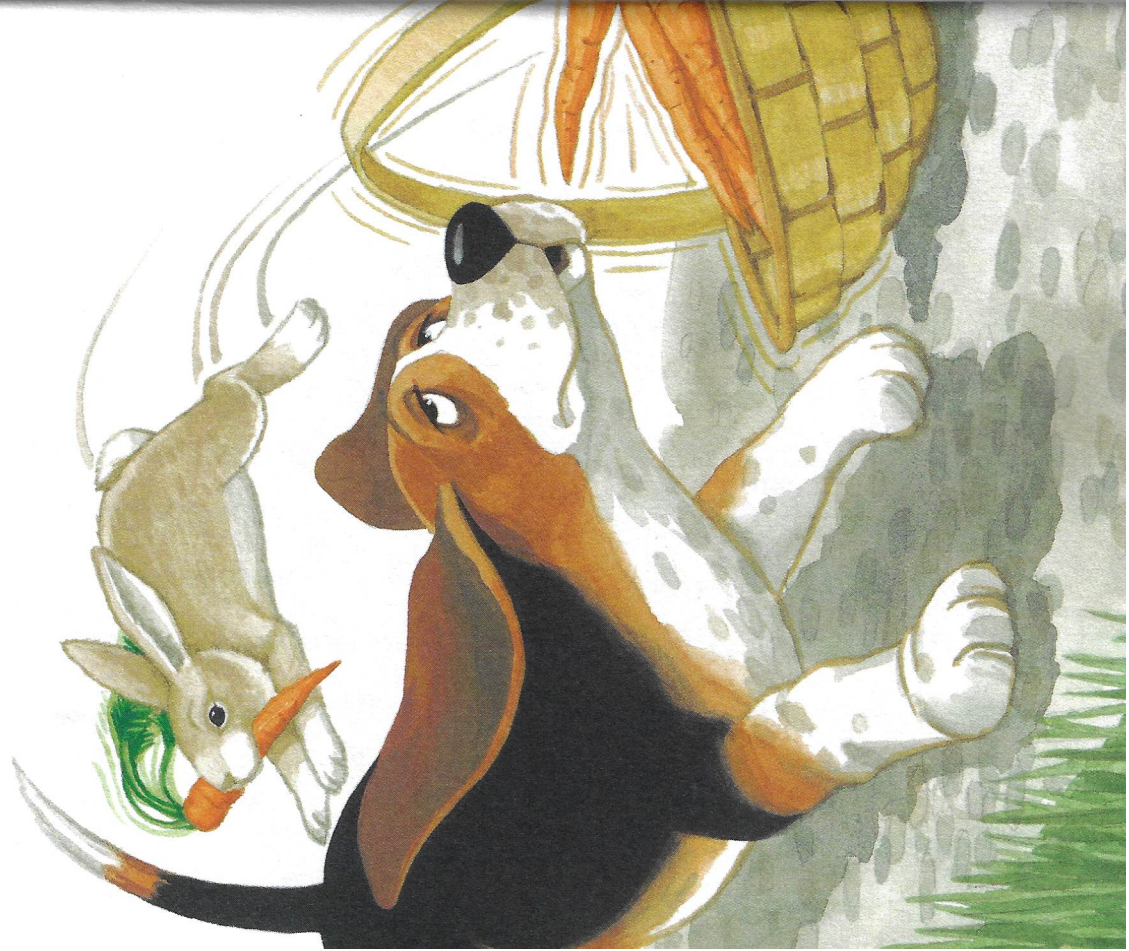
RRRRRRROOOOWW-OOOOOHHH

I howl and take a giant, running leap.



That rabbit is fast!

He grabs a carrot
and jumps right over my head.



Oh, I don't think so, Mr. Rabbit.
I'm the boss of this ranch.
No one steals from Mama
and gets away with it!



The chase is on.

Huff. Puff. Phew!

My short legs weren't made for this.

You can hop, but you can't hide!



Huh?

Where did Mr. Rabbit go?



Sniff, sniff.

Did Mr. Rabbit go down this hole?

When will he come out?

I guess I'll have to wait.

The sun feels so warm on my fur.

Maybe I'll lie down and rest,

just for one second.



Ouch!

Rabbit feet smack my back.

He's a hopping machine!

I'll never catch him.

Who invented chasing rabbits, anyway?

Chasing rabbits is the worst!

Why can't we just be friends?



Oh, right.

Because he's a carrot thief.



Grrr. My stomach rumbles.

I forgot to eat breakfast!

This is all Mr. Rabbit's fault.

I'm so hungry.



Wait. Hold on!

I have an idea.



No one is in the garden.

I sniff until I find a ripe carrot.

I dig it up with my front paws.



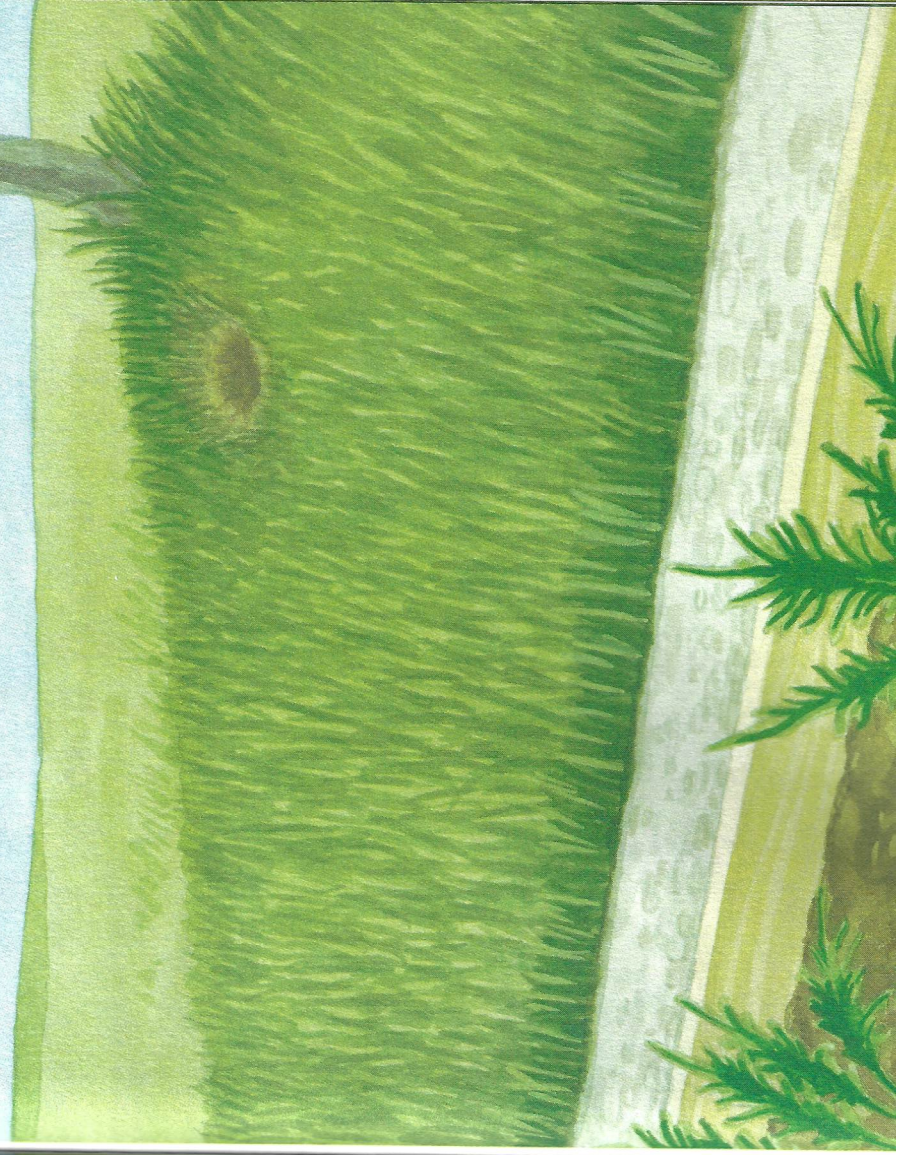
“Yoo-hoo, Mr. Rabbit.

Are you home?”

No answer.

I’ll have to wait again.

Nap time!



Sniff, sniff!

My nose wakes me up.

Mr. Rabbit!

He can't escape down his hole.

I'm lying on top of it.

He looks around everywhere
and wiggles his pink nose.



Mr. Rabbit is shaking all over.

The carrot is in my mouth.

I stand and smile my biggest smile
so he won't be afraid.



I take one step forward and—ZOOM!

Mr. Rabbit is gone in a flash
back down his rabbit hole.



The next day, I guard the garden.

Mr. Rabbit stays away all morning.

At noon, I bring him a carrot lunch.

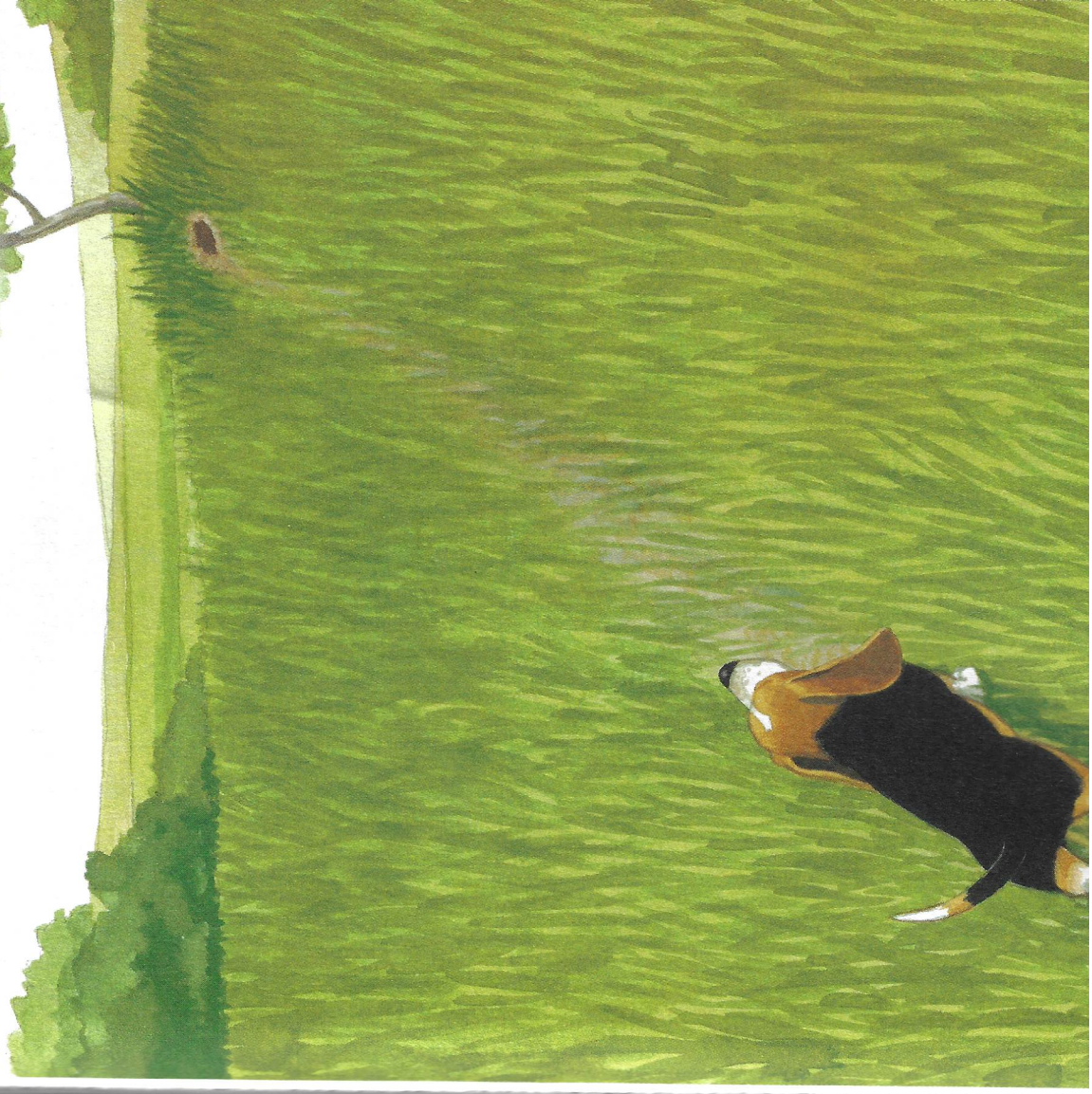
I don't wait this time.



After a yummy bacon dinner,

I head across the pasture.

There is no sign of the carrot.

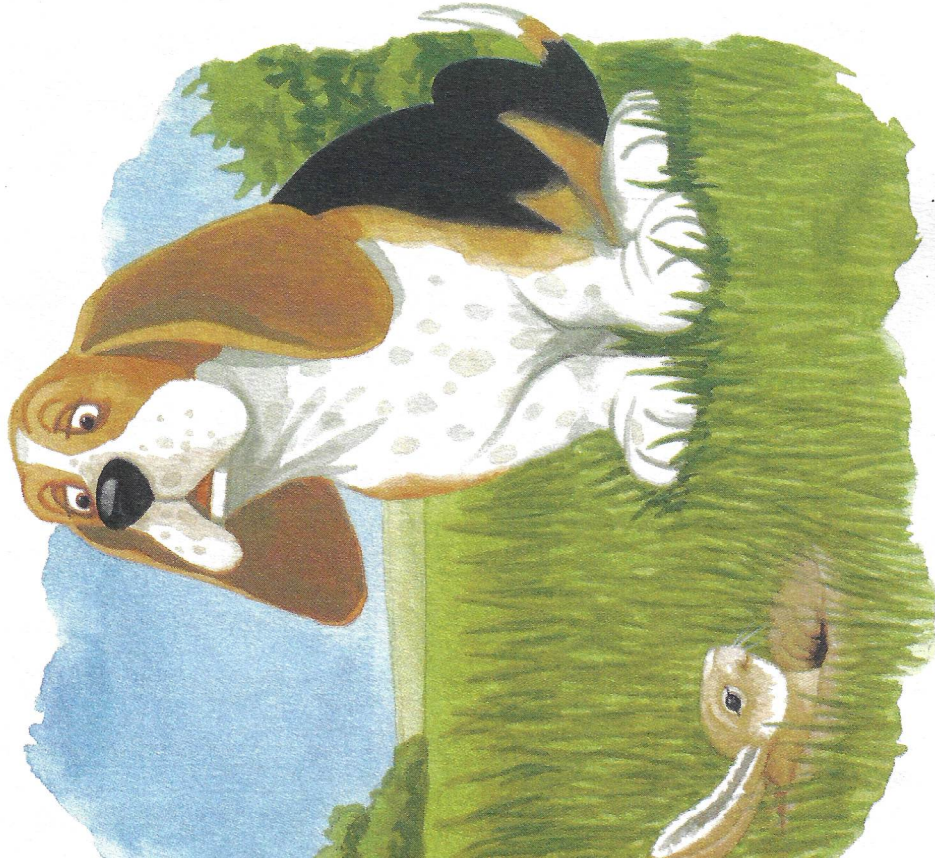


Mr. Rabbit pokes his head up.

“If you stop taking carrots

without asking,” I say,

“I will share them with you.”



Mr. Rabbit offers me

a nibble of carrot.

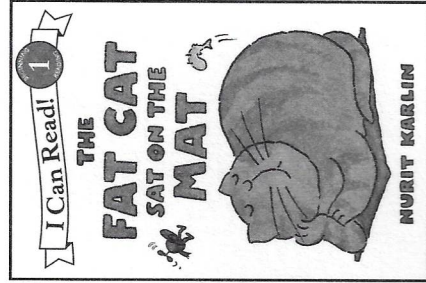
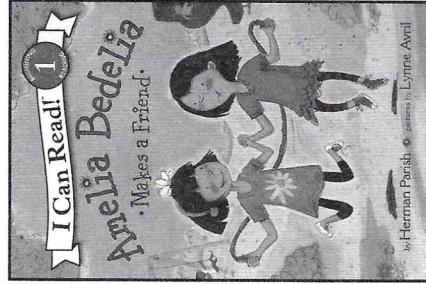
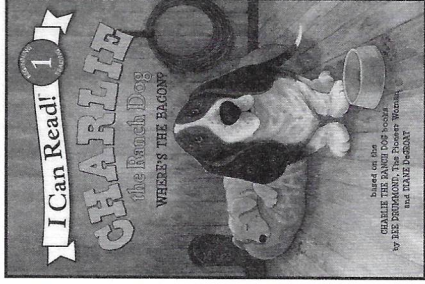
Ugh! Yuck!



I'm so happy to be
a bacon-eating ranch dog
instead of a carrot-eating rabbit.



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